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Ponce de Leon:

OR, THE

RIVAL SLAIN.

A Tragical Dream

IN

K. Harry's Walk.

—Sunt geminæ Somni Portæ, quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris:
Altera Candenti perfecta nitens Elephanto:
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.

Virg. 6. Æn.

LONDON,
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(11)

Pierce de Leon:

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[illegible]

Vng. 6r. [illegible]

LONDON.
Printed for the AUTHOR, and S. H. by [illegible]
in [illegible]

PONCE de LEON
TO HIS
ALMAHIDE.

MADAM!

AS the Effects of Love, have not only various insinuating Passages into the Soul, but also Enemies to the Injoyments thereof; so likewise, were it has roomed Deep, it not only works it's way thro' by Real Actions and Imaginations in the Day; but also by Diversity of Dreams and Visions in the Night.

Nor, Madam, *can I improve my time (especially the Day) better, than by Indeavouring, Imagining, and using all possible Industry, to gain the Affections of my* Almahide; *whose real Virtues, were I to revive, would attract the whole Universe, to join with my too much Honoured Rival, to the making your passionate* Ponce *the more Unfortunate.*

And, as I improve the Day, so likewise do I not altogether set aside the Night; for scarcely one Nocturnal Hour revolves, without affording me some Thought, or Idea of my delicious Almahide *therein.*

'Twas therefore, (dear Madam!*) purely for the private Injoyment of as large a Reflection on my hitherto wretched Destiny, as possibly my Grief would allow, that I took this Evening Walk, the which I fell into so* Tragical a Dream; *which has been in no measure, really the Condition of your distressed* Ponce.

Not

Not that my Inclination was ever Over-ambitious of ſhedding Blood, (tho' I grant the Conſtitution of Man's Body, does ſomewhat attribute to the Nature of his Dream) yet, let me tell you, Madam! *that* Ponce de Leon's *Spirit is ſtill ſo Generouſly Valiant, that he ſcorns to Dream in the Night, what he is afraid to Act in the Day, for the ſake of his fair* Almahide!

You will find, Madam! *no Obſcenity in it; nor any thing, but what, your own Knowledge will tell you,* Ponce *has all along as Ardrouſly explain'd in Reality: But you will Read, how deſerved a Puniſhment has been Inflicted on a Treacherous, and Perjur'd Duke; and the Conſtancy of a Lady Recompenſed with as great a Reward of Happineſs. I could Wiſh indeed, that the Age we live in, was not Perplex'd with too many ſuch Perſons as the wretched* Infantada; *and then I'm ſure,* Ponce *would fare far better with his* Almahide.

In fine, Madam! *if there be any thing therein, worthy your Acceptance, I crave the Pardon to lay it at your Feet: For, (ſince you've had my Heart already) I muſt modeſtly Confeſs with* Ovid;

Carmina qui facimus, mittamus Carmina tantum,
Nam Chorus ante alios aptus Amore ſumus.
Nought can we Poets (ſave our Verſes give)
For Poets are th'moſt Amorous Lads that live.

Which, if they ſhould merit one Smile, or Sympathizing Sigh for the deſtreſſed Ponce! *he will not only eſteem himſelf Bleſt for the Preſent, but in a fair way of being Happy Hereafter; and will* Madam, *Adore your Immatchleſs Virtues, longer than he is known to You by the Name of*

Ponce de Leon

Ponce de Leon:

OR, THE

RIVAL SLAIN.

AFter Misfortunes in th'Intriegues of Love,
Sick witht's abortive Pangs, unto a Grove
(By ſome call'd *Harry*'s *Walk*) I did repair,
To mittigate my griefi'th' ecchoing Air, (*frown*
Knitting my Brows, to'ards Heav'n I'd often
Where, vainly ſeeking Help, I ſate me down
Under the Feathers of a ſpacious Tree,
Sharply reflecting on my Deſtiny:
But, thro' the various Ideas of the bright
Alm'hide, my giddy Eyes, ſoon loſt their Sight;
Faſt Lock'd, Lo, thus I Dreamt! That I was there
Ponce de Leon in a black Diſpair;
Methoughts I 'roſe, drawing my Sword, and knit
My am'rous Looks into a chol'rick Fit;

Venting my Paſſion thus :
— Y'immortal gods!
Why is't ye Rack me? Scourge me thus with Rods?
Burn me with Ardor? And, t'increaſe my pain,
Laſh me in Melancholly Fits, and out again?
Have I a Heart of Flint? Or, can my Spirit,
So Nobly born, deſervedly inherit
The wracking tortures of that *Fiction* LOVE?
Fiction! *(ſaid I)* Once more, ye gods above,
Does my dear Shepherdeſs, fair *Almahide*,
Reſemble nought but Fancy? Nay, beſide,
Are the Injoyments of her chaſte Imbraces,
Attended with reciprocal Careſſes,
Nothing but barely Fancy? Is the whole
Syſtem of Virtues in her noble Soul,
Compacted up with Fancy? Ye Heav'ns, if ſhe
Be nothing elſe but flatt'ring Phantaſie,
Why muſt Illuſions hurry Mortals here
Into Convulſive Throws of black Diſpair,
To waſte their Vitals; which ſhould nouriſh'd be
With what is Real, not *Love's Phantaſie?* —
Wretch! why do I repine, ſince now I own
That is a Fancy which I dote upon? —

Thus in my Dream ſometime I Fum'd; and then
Stood ſtill awhile, and thus began agen: —

What! Does the Duke of *Infantado* make
Me to believe, dear *Almahide* will take
His Love to Heart? No, no, fair *Almahide*
Loves the young *Count* 'bove all the World beſide:
Witneſs each ſhady Grove, and ſilent Walk,
How ſimpathizing ſhe would Sigh and Talk!
Witneſs ye many Glances of Each Eye,
Ye Earth, ye Water, and y'Æthærial Sky,
Whether it was not ſomething more than Flattery!

Here

—— Here fetching Minute Sighs, I added ſtill,
Who knows th'Ambitious bounds of *Almahide's* Will?
'May be ſhe loves the Duke, becauſe he lyes
Ready t'aſcend the Regal Dignities!
Is he not in a Station, which may bring
The choiceſt Beauties to enjoy a King?
And why not *Almahide*, whoſe noble Soul
Speaks purely Majeſty? Ah! wretched Fool,
How long will vain confuſed thoughts torment
Thy Soul's Serenity with Diſcontent?
What! does the Duke, my Father, think to ſee
The Offspring of his Loins loſe Chivalry
In flatt'ring Love? What! does my Mother fear
Ponce de Leon will a Fool appear
On Honour's *Stage*? Ye Heav'ns, I'd rather far
Loſe Crowns and Diadems, than Beauty's *Star*
Fair *Almahide!* whoſe Sight's a Bow; the Quiver
Is full of Glances darting thro' my Liver!

---Here, ſometime Pauſing, preſently I felt
(In a great Paſſion) for my Rapiers Hilt;
Which having found, 'gan thus; Ye *Siſters* Three
Who fondly think to Spin my Deſtiny
To a far longer Thred of Miſery;
Here ſolemnly, 'fore Heav'n, I do Combine
With this bright Sword, to end this Life of mine.

Alm'hide adieu! your Lover goes before
With hopes t'injoy thee on the *Elizium Shore*;
Since here he can't obtain it, tho' he might
Challenge it Juſtly as a Sacred Right!
Down to thoſe ſilent Shades his Soul ſhall fly
And wrap it ſelf in ſtill Eternity!
Where, lovely *Shepherdeſs*, [but Cruel Fair!]
He lyes in hopes to meet thee ſhortly there——

Which

Which ſaid, I ſtopt; and fixing faſt my Eyes,
With a deep Imprecation, to'ards the Skies;
Ready to render up my Soul; withall
Juſt giving way upon my Sword to fall,
Methoughts, came in abruptly at each Ear
A Voice, thus loudly Ecchoing; *Forbear!*
Amaz'd I look'd about, firſt here, then there;
Next, round the Grove, then up towards the Air:
Where nothing 'ſpying; nor could hear more Noiſe,
Thus, thus I quickly rais'd my ſtam'ring Voice—

Who is it Calls? Is it Fair *Alm'hide's* Will,
I ſhould forbear? The Eccho was; *No, Kill!* —
Then anſwer'd I, who art thou that does ſend
Such ſtrict Commands to haſten quick my End?
Doſt thou on Earth, or in the Heav'ns abide?
The Anſwer quickly came; *'Tis Almahide!*
If thou be *Almahide*, (ſaid I) how can
You Cruelly deſire to ſee that Man
Deſtroy himſelf, whoſe Love out-lives the Day?
Better I Love the Duke 'f Infantada!
Was the next Anſwer; [eaſily you may gueſs
Thoſe Words ſoon fill'd my Soul with Franticknels]
Whereat, in haſt, I paſſionately reply'd;
Love him, imperious, haughty *Almahide!*
If thou be *Almahide*, which anſwer'ſt me,
Love him thou canſt not more than I Love thee!
But if you Love him, keep it from my Ears,
And not conſume me with ſuch pannick Fears:
Upbraid me to my Face? Ye gods, if he
Were here, his venomn'd Soul ſhould quickly flee
Down a deep purple Gore! —
Ah, wretched Elf!
(Continued I) why Flattereſt thus thy ſelf?
How ſoon art thou deceiv'd, with th'ecchoing Air!
The Duke and ſhe are free from Love's Diſpair?

He

He now injoys her Presence, and she quite
Has banish'd th' Idea of young *Ponce's* Sight ——
From her fair Eyes! ——

—— Ye heav'ns! that ever I ——
Should have from thence so much Perplexity!
Go wretched *Ponce*, go, [thou art betray'd!]
And hye away to the Elizium Shade? —
What dost thou here? ——

—— Then turning to my Sword,
I senseless stood, not uttering one Word
For sev'ral Minutes, till thro' Agony
I rais'd my Eyes up to'ards th' Aetherial Sky:
Say'ng thus; Y'immortal Powers above the Skies,
Regard my Plaints, Commiserate my Cries:
All I do beg, is, Let the Furies Prey
Upon my Rival Duke *d'Infantada*,
Nor let his Hopes, nor am'rous Projects, ever
Arrive unto the Bud, before they Wither;
And may the beauteous *Almahide* as soon
Meet her *December* in the midst of *June*!
Cruel she was to me! Ye gods, therefore
I fly to you, to see her Face no more!

—And as I ended thus; I gazed round
To see all clear, then struck into the Ground
Once more my Rapier's Hilt; when going to fall
Thereon, with these last Words; Adieu to all
The amorous Enjoyments, which I could
Once call my own, a Voice cry'd shrilly, *Hold!* —

At which, impatient, strait away I hy'd,
Thinking to see, or hear, my *Almahide*;
Down to the further end of all the Grove,
My stagg'ring Feet, and gazing Eyes did Rove,

Calling out thus; *My* Alm'hide, *I Obey,*
And hold my Hands; What hast thou more to say?
Speak, fairest, speak? ——— ———

——— And then I liften'd ſo ———
'sTo Hear, if poſſible, 'twere She, or no; ———
But nothing anſwer'd to my doleful Cry,
Only that eccho'd back more Miſery;
Which made me thus Exclaim; Fye, *Ponce*, Fye!
Thou tim'rous Coward, what afraid to Dye?
Where is thy Valour now? What, does it hide
Under the Notions of fair *Almahide*!
They're only airy Fictions which combine
With thee, to linger out this Life of thine:
Alas! She's far enough from thee; nor would
She, if within thine Eccho; bid thee *hold*;
Away, then valiant *Ponce*, and beſure
Thou try'ſt thy Valour in a Crimſon Gore!
Whereat I ſtept to my firſt Station; and
Kneel'd ſoftly down upon a Bank of Sand;
Lifting my Eyes and Hands to'ards Heav'n, I cry'd
Out thus: Great Jove! whoſe Pow'r doth firm abide!
Aſſiſt me with a reſolute frame to try
Grim Death's Aſſault, and gain the Victory?
I here appeal to Thee, if ever in
The Centre of this Breſt, was lodg'd that Sin
Call'd baſe Ingratitude, or Flattery?
If *Almahide* could in that Cloſet pry,
Then ſhe might ſee Effects enough to prove
'Tis ſhe alone I really do Love! ———

——Thou thund'ring god! have I not undergone
The falſe Aſperſions of a clam'rous Tongue,
T'repute me little? Have I not deny'd
Th'injoyments of a Court for *Almahide*?

Have

Have I not reſtleſs been both Day and Night
Without I had her Perſon in my Sight?
And was it not, ye Heav'ns! my Heart's Delight?
Has not my Soul been gall'd to ſee each Day,
Almahide Love the Duke *'ſ Infantada*? ——

—— Then, with a melting Sigh, I felt within
My Boſome, for a Letter, put therein
Sometime before; which having Kiſt, and Scan'd
Each Line thereof, I hid it in the Sand;
And leaning o'er my Rapier, cry'd aloud,
Ye Heav'ns receive me, and revenge my Blood!
Whereat I fell; but 'fore't had pierc'd the Skin,
Two masked Ladies inſtantly ſtept in,
Seizing me faſt by either Arm, and Cry'd,
Ponce! *Is this your Love for* Almahide?
What will you Kill yourſelf, becauſe you ſee
Almahide *does not love Inconſtancy?*
Surely you are Beſotted! Elſe, by all
The Pow'rs above, you'd ne'er attempt to fall
By your own Hands! At which one took away
My Rapier, whilſt the other thus did ſay:

Ponce!

How know you that fair Almahide *gives way*
To Love your Rival Duke 'ſ Infantada?
Speak, Ponce, *ſpeak? and let not Jealouſie*
Bring Arguments to prove Inconſtancy.

At which I ſtood amaz'd; but gazing on
Her well proportion'd Aſpect, thus began;
Whoe'er you be, I know not, but this Speech
Speaks it to be above poor Mortals reach;
And if un-masked were that beauteous Face,
'Twould quickly prove you of Immortal Race.

To which, she said; *What Argues this? I'll be*
What e'er you please, so you'll but Answer me:
How say'st thou Ponce? *Jealousie does hide*
Within thy Breast, concerning Almahide:
Come, speak the Naked Truth? Is it not so
Ponce de Leon? *Answer Yes, or No:*

These very Words, methoughts, did Usher in
Some secret Thoughts, that *Almahide* was then
Discoursing with me; whereupon, I said,
(Bowing full Low) Divine, Angelick Maid,
Since by your Heav'n assisting bounteous Hands,
My wretched Life before it's Owner stands,
Surely it can't do less than stoop to her Commands!
What you call Jealousie, to me has been
A thing not merely Fancyed, but Seen:
Have I not seen my Rival Duke abide
Whole Hours with the Cruel *Almahide?*
When wretched *Ponce* has been banish'd quite
With angry Frowns from being in her Sight?
What call you this? —

To which th' Unknown reply'd;
How do you know but Cruel Almahide,
As you do term her, did it for to try
Ponce de Leon's *Love and Constancy?*
Are not all Mortal? Therefore can no Heart
But yours, be wounded with blind Cupid's *Dart?*
You've Seen! But what avails it? Did you find
That ever Almahide *did prove more Kind*
To him, than You? Or, did you ever See
Any thing more than bare Gentility,
Pth' midst of all's Intriegues?

--- No: (answer'd I)
Yet something more is in't than Jealousie;

For

For why? If *Almahide* lov'd *Ponce*, then
She'd Baniſh from her Sight all other Men.

That's a mere jealous Fancy: (ſtrait ſaid She)
What, wou'd you force her to a Nunnery!
For my own Part, if I were Almahide,
I'd ceaſe from Love, before I'd be ſo ty'd!
No, Ponce, *no; 'tis only your Surmiſe*
That he is pretious in Fair Alm'hide's *Eyes:*
All you can ſay, will never make me deem,
But Almahide *for* Ponce *has eſteem:*
Therefore be Valiant, and hence forward Live
In hopes, that Almahide *will never give*
That Heart unto another, which, as due,
I am perſwaded, is reſerv'd for you!

O Heav'ns! (cry'd I) If what you ſay be ſo,
No leſs Affliction can I undergo!
But, fair Unknown, What Credit may I give
To this Diſcourſe? Do you with *Alm'hide* Live?
—Then greedy for an Anſwer, ſtrait ſhe ſaid,
I know her Well: (turning towards her Maid
Who held my Sword, Continuing thus) *and have*
Not been ſo long aquainted with that Slave,
But know her innocent Humour, how, and when
She ſeems to Slight, and then to Love agen,
Which Ebbs and flows from th' Ardor in her Breſt,
Due to your jealous Self? —Gueſs you the reſt.—
But Ponce, (added ſhe) *What if that fair*
Cruel Diſſembler, (as you call her) *were*
With ſuch a Jealouſie ſo led aſide,
As; Ponce does not Love fair *Almahide!*
Not Love her (then ſaid I) *Nay, hold,* ſaid ſhe:
Ye gods, (continued I) more Miſery
Inflict upon my Soul, if what you ſay
Be true, than e'er I'ave wiſht *Infantada!*

What,

What, not esteem fair *Almahide*, whose Love
Is to be priz'd more than an Orb above !
No, no, brave Gen'rous *Ponce*'s Heart ne'er bent
It's will to join with such a base Intent :
He scorns to act his Rival's part, by trying
T'entice so chaste a Soul with cursed Lying.
Whereat I storm'd, and Snuffing up the Wind,
Gave her to Understand my ard'rous Mind :
To which she answer'd thus ; Ponce ! *You know*
'Tis Usual with your Sex to argue so :
Which makes this Proverb good ; Virgins ! beware ;
For Flattery, by Nature, is Man's Snare.

Here stopping, with a gentle Sigh, I drew
Near to unmask her Beauty ; but she flew
Instantly back some paces, s'if afraid
Of the Event ; And thus she Storming said :

Ponce !
I do Conjure you by the Pow'rs above ;
And all the Protestations of that Love
Made to the innocent Captive, Almahide,
Not to approach more nearer then yon side
O'th' Bank. (Pointing some paces off where I
Had just before prepar'd my self to Dye.)
Then turning to her Maid, she thus did say ;
Clitie ! *'tis late : Come, let us hye away.*

At which, I cryed out, Cruel Unknown !
What, wilt thou leave poor *Ponce* here alone
In worse Dispair, without the knowledge who
It is he owes his wretched Life unto ?
For Heaven's sake ; (continu'd I) tell me
Whether 'tis *Almahide* has set me free
From desp'rate Acts ?
To which, she quick reply'd ;

Ponce !

Ponce ! *rest Satisfy'd, 'Tis* Almahide
To whom three times you Owe your Life unto :
Enough, 'tis Almahide *who bids, Adieu !*
Whereat, Re-masking quick her beauteous Face,
Clitie and *Almahide* with-drew apace.
Leaving poor *Ponce* senseless, just like One
That metamorphos'd was into a Stone :
--Near half an Hour revolv'd, before that I
Recover'd Sense ; when, in an Extasie
Of boundless Joy, my Ravish'd Heart soon broke
Out in a *Rapture* like a Thunder-stroke.

The RAPTURE.

OH ! what am I
Turn'd to some Deity ?
Or, has great Jove
Sent from his Throne above
A Sip of Nectar to refresh my Soul :
What need I care ?
They're Fools who Love Dispair,
I now am free
From such damn'd Misery ;
Which always makes Sagacity a Fool.

All, all my Pride
Is in Fair Almahide !
She bids me Live,
In hopes for to receive
One Day a Salve to heal my Wounds and Smart ;
That which I prize
'Bove all beneath the Skies :
For I'm assur'd,
Whom she hath kill'd, she'ath cur'd,
And on her Patient hath bestow'd her Heart !

Thus

---Thus having vented out my Joy; away
My thoughts were hurry'd on *Infantada*;
Laughing, I ſaid, Go Rival, and Decide
Whether you'ave more reſpect from *Almahide*
Than I.-----

-----Then ſtrait again my Head
Was buſied about what *Alm'hide* ſaid:
Scanning her Words, (cry'd I) *And never Deem,*
But Almahide *for* Ponce *has eſteem!*
Firſt, ſhe does bid me baniſh all ſurmiſe
That my baſe Rival's precious in her Eyes;
Next Conjures me to Live; and then again,
Tells me ſhe holds my Rival in Diſdain:
And to conclude; ſhe adds; *Ponce!* as due,
My Heart and all reſerved is for you:

Ye Heav'ns, ye Orbs, ye Sun, ye Moon, ye Stars!
Is not this better than to live in fears,
That Heav'n knows who ſhould Rob my Soul of this,
Which is to me, a more Deſirous Bliſs
Than Tongue can Wiſh for?----

----Jove! (continu'd I)
I'll offer up for this Felicity
Thou haſt Vouchſafed, Hecatombs of Praiſe,
So long as here below I ſpend my Dayes.

But, *Ponce*, (added I) ſince were you ſtand,
Your Life was ſav'd by *Alm'hide's* tender Hand,
Canſt thou do leſs, than Celebrate her Fame,
With Poems on her Beauty, Parts, and Name;
Whereat I took my Pencil, as I ſate,
And thus did Scribble in my Book of Slate:

On

On His ALMAHIDE.

With what compos'd Serenity of Mind,
(And free from Noise) should I my self retire
Into some lonely Place, where none can find
Me out, Angelick Beauty to Admire;
There please my self, with what my Eyes have seen;
Virtue and Beauty, like a Murm'ring Stream,
Hath lull'd my Soul asleep in Love's soft Arms,
And lockt it up from Perturbations free;
For I could not resist Love's Magick Charms,
So I Love Thee!

When on your Heav'nly Beauty first I gaz'd,
My Senses were insensibly betray'd;
The more I lookt, the more I was amaz'd,
Then to behold with my frail Eyes a Maid,
A Petty-goddess of Diana's *Train;*
I mus'd a while, and then I lookt again;
Thinking a Mist my Eyes had over-cast,
And that it was Minerva *I did see;*
But when it vanish'd like unto a Blast,
I saw 'twas Thee!

I saw 'twas who? 'twas she, whose pleasant Look,
Sometimes is like unto a Sea of Milk,
(To lull asleep) and oft a Curled Brook;
Her Eyes like Stars, her Lips more soft than Silk;
Her Cheeks as Roses in a Lovely hue;
Her Neck a stately Pyramid of Snow;
Her Alabaster Brests with Coral Tips,
Her tap'ring Waist descending down hard by
The place of Bliss!—where both her twinny Hips
Holds Symetry!

The rest b'ing hid, I cannot well Discover ;
But, sure, within that unwrought Mine doth lie
An Oar more Rich, than that which ev'ry Lover
(Well skill'd in Minerals) do find and Try :
She's, Goddess-like, most Fair, Discreet, and Young,
Endow'd with Wit, and an harmonious Tongue :
Nature has made her Perfect ; every Grace
Thro' her Delicious Body, seems to meet
In ev'ry Limb, but Centers in her Face
As Beauty's Seat ;

—Here I broke off, saying ; since *Almahide*
Has sav'd my Life, and giv'n her Heart beside,
Freed me from horrid Fears, and Jealousie
That *Infantada* would my Rival be ;
Once more I'll Recompence that stately Pride,
With Love-Revenge on my

—*Fair ALMAHIDE !*

WHen with my greedy Eyes, I gaze and stare
On thy Delicious Curled Locks of Hair :
When I (repell'd) Sedately take a View
Of thy Love's-seat, divine Majestick Brow :
When I from thence observe your rowling Eyes,
More full of Flame, than Lightning in the Skies :
When I behold your lovely Cheeks, and Nose,
More fair than Tulip, Lilly, Pink, or Rose ;
Thy Lips Vermilion-red : thy Teeth, within
Thy Oval Mouth, like to a Troop : thy Chin
The last Ascent unto th'increasing Bliss,
Begot (by sipping Souls) at ev'ry Kiss :
Thy Neck, Snow-white, a Pillar seems to be:
Thy lovely Sholders grac'd with Ivory :
Thy two chaste Icey Fires, those downey Brests,
Where Love oft Nibling, falls asleep, and rests :

Thy

Thy Arms, thy Hands, thy Waſte, thy Hips moſt neat;
Thy Bliſs! — thy Thighs, thy Legs, thy nimble Feet!
I ſay, when in this Paradice I gaze,
Your Locks intangle me within a Maze;
When ſtriving to reſiſt, your Brows do frown,
Whilſt your bright Eyes do gently knock me down;
At which, Compaſſion in your Cheeks, diſcovers,
Your Lips ſweet Cordials are for fainting Lovers;
Then, gath'ring ſtrength, about your Neck I'll fall,
And pull thee down t'revenge my ſelf for all:
But if your Iv'ry Sholders won't comply,
I'll ſink for ſhame into the Flames hard by;
Where, Dying, I will Live, till thence diſplac't,
I muſt remove to 'twine thy ſlender Waſte;
But if no Durance there, I will retreat
To try each beauteous Part from Head to Feet;
No Eddy, Current, Channel, I will miſs,
Until I Anchor in thy Port of Bliſs!

— Juſt as I'ad done, my Soul was ſtrucken mute,
With th' unexpected playing on a Flute;
Whereat, I ſtoo'd ſtock ſtill, and gazing round,
Liſtned withal, to hear from whence the ſound
Deriv'd; when inſtantly on t'other ſide
The Bank, (within a Thicket, which could hide
Some Numbers there) I ſaw my Rival Duke
Sit Melancholly playing on his Flute:
Deſirous to know th'Intriegue, I lay
Perdue i'th' Hedge, to hear what he would ſay,
When ceaſing playing on his Flute, he cry'd,
Heavens! I ſha'nt injoy fair *Almahide!*
Ponce de Leon, to Increaſe my ſmart,
Has got Poſſeſſion in her tender Heart!—
— And then he ſetcht a Sigh; and thus did ſay,
O wretched, wretched Duke 'f *Infantada!*

Suppoſe you were t'injoy her, could you find
Your Conſcience ſear'd ſo much, as not to mind
The ſolemn Proteſtations that you'ave made
Unto that innocent Counteſs, by you led,
With Helliſh flatt'ring Falſities, aſide,
Before you ever ſaw fair *Almahide*?
Ah! wretched, miſerable Duke, (cry'd he)
More juſt a Puniſhment from th' Deity,
Could never light upon a worſer Man than thee!
How oft have foreign Beauties made Reſort
To Masks and Balls, within this ſpacious Court?
And ha'nt as oft my Treach'ry plaid it's part,
By ſtriving to allure each innocent Heart,
With the like Imprecations made to One,
As to the Second, till the *Third* came on?
Ye Heav'ns! how many Beauties, (added he)
Have I deceived with damn'd Flattery?
When the worſt She, that living is this Day,
Deſerves a better than *Infantada*!

Here pauſing, he lay ſtill ſome time, whilſt I
Obſerv'd with Pleaſure all his Miſery:
And then ariſing, with a mournful Tone,
And languid Looks, he Sung the following

SONG.

THat which moſt call brisk and Jolly,
Makes my Spirits Melancholly:
That which ſome call black Diſpair,
Is to me a Heaven Fair;
And in ſhort there's nothing can
Make me like to other Men;
For I find that I ſhall have,
Inſtead of Heav'n, a Hell to be my Grave!

To

—Too light a Puniſhment, (ſaid I within
My ſilent Breſt) for ſuch a Crimſon Sin
As you are guilty of: — Whilſt perjur'd he,
Diſpairing, curſt himſelf, and's Pedigree:
But then, again recov'ring ſomewhat better
His Senſe, he pulled out this following Letter.

To the Duke of Infantada!

A

SEIGNEUR!

FOR *the gods ſake, regard the many irreiterated Promiſes and Oathes made to your paſſionate* Amoretta, *when ſhe frankly reſign'd up all the ſtrong Holds of Love to your endeared Embraces, which ought to have been kept moſt Sacred and Inviolable: Therefore expoſe not your Perſon to ſo dangerous a War, when you may feaſt your ſelf peaceably in her Arms: For the time draws near, wherein Nature will miſchievouſly manifeſt to the view of all, the events of our Amorous Paſſions, without you take ſpeedy care to Marry your Diſtreſſed Counteſs.* AMORETTA.

And this ſo paſſionately he Read aloud,
That ev'ry Word thereof I underſtood;
And when he'ad done, his poys'nous Soul gave way
To moderate his Grief, and thus did ſay:
'Tis true, fair *Amoretta*, Heav'n does know,
I once to you an ar'drous Love did ſhow;
But nothing of Reality I meant,
Concerning Marriage, 'xcept a baſe intent
To violate your Chaſtity, therefore
I cannot Love the *Amoretta* more:
What would you have me ſay? I'd rather dwell
Hereafter in the hotteſt Flames of Hell,
Than keep thoſe Vows ſo often to you made,
After I had your Innocence betray'd!
My Fancy's fled from thee, and does abide
(Perhaps much like the Wind) on *Almahide*!

Here

Here he did ſtamp upon the Ground, then Swore—
Love was Damnation, and his Hair he tore ;
Till with the Paſſion, weary of his Life,
He calmly breathed forth this Love-ſick

SIGH.

AH! wretched, rigid Fate,
I ſee it is too Late :
Repentance now won't do ;
For Curſed Fortune, you
Have all along
Sung to my Soul that Song
Call'd Love the Fair,
And now I plainly ſee
It brings on Miſery
Inſtead of Bliſs ; and 'ſtead of Hope, Diſpair !

---No ſooner had he ended this ; but I
Perceiv'd him ſtart at ſomewhat drawing nigh ;
Whereat I roſe a little, and ſaw clear
A Lady much Dejected 'proaching near,
To whom the Duke made up, and thus did ſay ;
Madam! how came you to retire this way ?
Does Melancholly o'er your Vitals reign ?
If ſo, then tell thy Grief, and eaſe thy Pain
Alas! (cry'd ſhe) *my drooping Spirits fail,*
My fault'ring Tongue can't tell that Love-ſick Tale
My pale-fac'd Aſpect thus does Repreſent : — :
But, would you know my Grief, (and on ſhe went)
The ſame proceeds from Love ! ——
Madam! *(continued he)* for Heav'ns ſake, pray,
To whom does thus your Soul Love's homage pay ?
Or, what proud Mortal is it that can ſlight
A Nymph ſo fair, whoſe Beauty ſhines more bright
Than *Sol*'s Cœleſtial Rays? ſpeak am'rous Soul ; —
(Whereat my Spirits, which before were cool,

Be-

Began to be inflam'd to such a Pitch,
That I had like t'have straggled o'er the Ditch,
Had it not been considerably too Wide:—) ——
But presently the Lady thus Reply'd;
Then give me leave to speak, my Heart does sue
At Venus *shrine, the Oracle to You;*
'Tis you, great Sir, th' Accomplish'd of your Sex,
I do adore, beyond th' immortal gods!
Whose charming Presence does imprint my Soul
With Love-sick Passions — Bless me! (*cry'd the Duke*)
Am I the Object? chear up thy drooping Soul? —
How can I master Grief, if you will Rowl
(Said she) *your Person on a dang'rous War;*
What! to have all my Life, my Hopes, expos'd
To Heav'ns wide Canopy? The gods forbid
The Protasis of your intents should pass
On farther to an Epitasis,
Which, in the End, may prove a dire Catastrophe.
Madam! (*cry'd he*) if any can deter
My seeking Glory in the Camp of War,
'Tis you ——
'Tis your bright Load-stone twinkling Stars,
That shall with-draw me from their bloody Scars;
You are my Bliss! — Come, let's then lay aside
Such vain Disponding Thoughts, Love's breach is Wide;
We'll enter then, and take a sweet Repast
In Love's Arcadia, till one Hour doth waste! —
Ah, Sir! (continued she) *might I believe*
Such Heav'n distilling Words, they'd make me Live
For ever Happy! ——
Yes; (*said he*) you may;
Then Thanks to Heav'n (cry'd she) *I've seen this Day!*
Come dearest Jewel, which my Soul admires,
Take now an ar'drous Kiss, mix'd with Love's Fires,
I wholly do Devote my Life, my All
Unto your tender Care, I come, I fall: —

And

And so she fell about his Neck, and Cry'd,
(Swooning in's Arms) let us not here abide:
——Whereat the Duke and she soon vanish'd quite,
Amongst the Thickets, from my greedy Sight,
And then Considering no fear might 'bide
Thence forward in my Breast for *Almahide*;
I gave Great *Jove*, (who always heard my Call)
Promise to Offer up the Tenths of all
My Wealth, as Sacrifice, till *Almahide*
Was made by Heaven, happy *Ponce*'s Bride:
Which done, I took my Sword, and Gloves in Hand,
To go and wait on *Almahide*'s Command,
When instantly, before one step I'ad given,
I stopt was by a Shriek that fled to'ards Heaven;
Whereat I drew my Sword, hearing a Noise,
Dismally sounding like a Lady's Voice,
(Coming from whence I saw the Duke, and she
Retire to injoy Felicity)
And run like to a Fury, with my Sword
Drawn naked in my Hand, for to afford
Help to distressed; yet I could not fly
So quick, but that this bloody Tragedy
Was e'en expir'd; When I heard one say;
Ah! cruel, Monster Duke! of Infantada!
I here appeal to all the gods above,
If ever innocent Hortoria's *Love*
Was false to thee: Or, ever did suggest
Such Damn'd designs, con'd Harbour in thy Breast!
Thus to entice my Virtue all along,
With inward Rancor, and a flatt'ring Tongue!
Injoy my Body! and without true Cause
Of Jealousie, to violate Nature's Laws,
And Rid me of my Life, by so unjust
A means!——Ah! bloody Duke, expect thou must,
And shall live in the hottest Flames of Hell,
When that Hortoria *with the gods will dwell.*

And

And here methoughts her Soul ſent forth a Shriek.
Enough to make the flintieſt Heart to break;
And then I came in Sight, and ſaw the Duke
Lifting his Arm to give the fatal ſtroke:
Whereat I cry'd aloud, *Thou helliſh Fiend*;
Thou Cowardly trait'rous Dog, with-hold thy Hand!
At which, he turn'd about with looks agaſt,
(But not regarding) ſtab'd her thro' the Breſt:
No ſooner had he giv'n the Blow, but I
Came up, and ſaw the fair *Hortoria* lye
Along the Graſs, with both her Arms out-ſpread,
And hair diſhevell'd hanging 'bout her Head;
Her Roſie Cheeks which often flam'd, were gone
To hide themſelves in Death's pale Horizon;
The Tears which juſt before were ſhed, did lye
Congeal'd like Pearls about each ghaſtly Eye;
Her Breſts lay Naked, and expos'd to view,
Sev'n blooody Stabs, dy'd in a Crimſon hue,
Giv'n by the Duke. When as her glimm'ring ſight,
With a deep Groan, began to take it's flight;
She 'ſpy'd me out, and mournfully did ſay,
Revenge me on the Duke 'ſ Infantada!
And ſo her Soul and Body, both did part,
Enough to melt in Tears the hardeſt Heart.

No ſooner had ſh'expired, but I burn'd
With Choller 'gainſt the Duke, and to him turn'd;
Beſpeaking thus; *Thou monſtrous Villain! how*
Could you unnaturally thoſe Hands imbrew
In the warm Blood of her, to whom you'ave Swore
Often, you never did the gods adore
More times than ſhe, nor ne'er lov'd Lady more.
Does this become a Duke? How can you 'ſpye
The fair *Hortoria*, whom you'ave flatter'd, lye
In Crimſon Streams of Blood, and not Confeſs
Damnation is your due, not Happineſs?

Come perjur'd Wretch, (said I) *prepare to go*
And fry with Devils in the Lake below.
Whereat, I drew, whilst he, (with both his Eyes
Sprinkled with Blood from the late Sacrifice)
View'd well my Person, boldly saying, Who
Is he that I must give account unto,
For what I've done? *Villain!* (continued I)
I'm he that will revenge this Tragedy!
And so we both encountred, and did fight
Near half an hour, till, with all my might,
(Managing dextrously my Passes well)
I ran him thro' the Groin and down he fell;
Whereat, to free him from a lingring smart,
My Sword was just a going to pierce his Heart,
When he cry'd out; Withold thy Hand, whilst I
Confess with dying Words, this Cruelty!
At which, I stopt, whilst he did faintly say,
I am the dying Duke of *Infantada*:
The Lady which you see, I have destroy'd,
Was by my perjur'd, flatt'ring Tongue decoy'd:
True, 'tis she lov'd me, and I thereupon
Promis'd her Marriage several Months agon;
But ne'er intended she should be my Bride,
So soon as I had seen fair *Almahide*;
Nor was she singular, for I've beguil'd
Fair *Amoretta*, and she's now with Child:
Therefore, as justly due, great *Jove* has sent
From Heav'n too moderate a Punishment
On such a damned Miscreant as I,
For dealing all along so treach'rously!
Sheathe up your Sword, *(cry'd he)* for lo! I feel
Death's pangs apace within my Breast to Steal.
Adieu, fair *Almahide!* let *Ponce* have,
As his just right, *(said he)* that lovely Slave;
And may the innocent *Amoretta* find,
'Tis better for her she is left behind;

I never lov'd her, but with flattery,
To steal away the Pearl *Virginity!* ——
And then, as well'ring in a Gote, he lay
His Cheeks became more cold than Ice, or Clay;
Pale Horror sitt'd his Lips instead o'th' Rose,
And Death, with's Icy Fingers, pinch'd his Nose:
His Tongue, that faulter'd from it's wonted Note,
And every Breath did Rattle in his Throat;
When even spent he fetcht a piteous Cry,
And thus Reflected on his Destiny:
Ah! cruel, barb'rous Duke *Infantado!*
Dost thou not see, the gods are just t'repay
Vengeance to those, whose evil Actions merit
No other than a place with Devils t'inherit?
And then, with Tears in's Eyes, he Cry'd, I see
Abused *Time* lifts up his Scythe armed
Death swiftly, with his Sable Wings,
Approaches near, t'unnerve the Springs
Of my o'erwhelmed Life! His Glass
Tells me my Minutes swift do pass;
Nor would I value Death, but I
A far more blacker Scene espy;
Hell is presented 'fore my Eyes,
With all th' infernal Deities.
And here his Spirit Groan'd, and Limbs did shake
So frightfully, as made my Heart to Ach.
And then again, he very faintly cry'd,
(Not knowing me) Adieu, fair *Almahide:*
No doubt but that Felicity she'll have,
When *Peace* does injoy that harmless Slave.
Farewell fond circling Arms,
With all your leach'rous Charms;
For whom base I
A perjur'd Wretch became,
Only one Minutes Flame
Of Lust t'injoy;

For which I've damn'd my Soul and have
Untimely brought my Body to the Grave.
And here his ghoſtly Eyes did rowl about,
Foretélling that the Soul, was going out
From a dark Priſon, when he ſadly cry'd,
Oh! wretched Duke! ſo clos'd his Eyes and Dy'd.
—Thus fled th'immatchleſs wicked Soul away
Of the moſt cruel Duke 'f *Infantada*: —
Tho' both being Dead, my Soul was gall'd to ſee
Hortoria Butchered ſo Cruelly;
And gazing on her Wounds which ſcarce were cold,
I ſpy'd beneath one Pap a Heart of Gold;
Bleeding as 'twere (b'ing wounded with a Dart,)
Bearing this Motto; *The Duke muſt Cure my Smart.*
Ah! innocent Lady, (*added I*) this Cure
You have received from his Hands impure,
You little thought of; but withal, 'thas ſent
Your Soul to Heav'n, and his to Puniſhment.
Thoſe words no ſooner utter'd, but my Eyes
Had for their Objects, helliſh Deities,
With flaming Torches, all attended by
Cerb'rus to Howl at ſome ſolemnity;
Each Devil had a Taper in his Fiſt,
Ty'd faſt to Snakes, which twined round his Wriſt;
In th'other Paw was held a whip of Wire
Knotted with brimſtone Streams, and frigid Fire.
In th' middle crawl'd ſix Imps of Hell, whoſe Backs
Expos'd to view a Thouſand ſorts of Racks,
Beſides a Red-hot Grid-Iron, and a Chain
Link'd faſt with Scorpions to increaſe the Pain;
After them limp'd an ugly Maſſy Fiend
Bearing a Trunk, which made his Sholders bend,
From whence did uſher out moſt pircous Grones,
To which he join'd in Chorus helliſh Tones:
Upon the Trunk was Writ; *Within's Confin'd*
Conſcience let looſe upon a deſp'rate mind:

After

After him prancing came six Horses, who
(With foaming Mouthes) a Sable Chariot drew,
In it sat *Pluto*, King of Hell, who had
A Crown of Ebony upon his Head;
And, for a Scepter, in his Left-hand, he
(But in the Right, a Rod) did hold a Key.
Next the three Goddesses, the Furies came,
Brandishing Torches; which were set on Flame
By Justice; and design'd (most fit) at first,
To Lash the Consciences of Souls who're Curst;
And then a multitude of Devils run,
With Brands of Fire so thick, s'obscur'd the Sun:
Which made me strongly fancy, that the World,
With all therein, was going to be hurl'd
Down to the lowest Shades of Hell, to be
Seal'd down with Devils to Eternity:
At which, I thought 'twas time to go away;
And just as I was moving, one cry'd, *Stay!*
Turning my self about, to see who spoke,
Pluto descended in a Cloud of Smoke,
Bespeaking thus; (turning to me withall ——

SIR!
I O'er the lower Regions reign as King,
And by a higher Commission, here do bring
(For an Example) my infernal Crew,
To take and Carbonade what is my Due;
So soon as sinful Man falls down and dyes,
So soon his wretched Soul with horror flyes,
Before it's Judge, where Conscience strait obtains
A Mittimus to bind the Soul in Chains,
And haul it down before m'Imperial Seat,
Justly t'receive a Punishment so great
As e'er it's Crimes were big: Behold, (*said he*,
Pointing unto the Trunk, his Scepter'd Key)

With-

Within that Trunk a naked Soul lyes, ſtript
Of all Relief, and by it's Conſcience Whipt.
Hark! how it Groans under a Burden, which
Compounded's up with Floods of boiling Pitch;
Which brings ſo many perjur'd Oathes to light,
As none can tell the horror of it right:
This is the Carcaſs of that Soul, which lyes
Lock'd under damn'd deſpairing Agonies;
Of which Poſſeſſion I am come to take,
And carry Soul and Body to that Lake,
Where it will ſee, no difference I can ſhow
'Twixt high-born Princes, and the Peaſants low.
Stand ſtill: (and you ſhall ſee all ended ſoon)
For 'tis not in my Pow'r to do you wrong;
Virtue I never touch; for that I hate
As bad as Poyſon; 'Tis Vice, on which I bate,
And feaſt my Paunch: And therefore, Sir, as due,
Thanks for this Morſel I return to you.

No ſooner was this done, but quickly he
Went to the Trunk, and putting in his Key,
Unlock'd the ſame; whereat, a helliſh ſhout
Welcom'd the tortur'd Soul and Conſcience out;
Who fiercely flew to ſeize upon their Prey,
(The Carcaſs of my Rival Duke) who lay
Beſmear'd with *Blood*. No ſooner had he took
Poſſeſſion, but the *Body* ſtrait awoke,
And trembling ſtood, gnaſhing it's Teeth thro' Fear,
Whilſt Devils with their Prongs the Fleſh did Tare:
A *Vulture* ſeiz'd his Bowels, and his Tongue
(Foaming beneath his Chin) ſome Inches hung:
His Eyes to me ſeem'd Ovens; and his Throat
Cerberus tore with a damn'd howling Note:
And here, methoughts, Compaſſion ſeiz'd my Soul,
And mov'd (ſo much his miſery to Condole;

But

But all too late; for greedily he ſtood,
Sucking, thro' Thirſt, his very own Hearts-blood:
Which made the Devil offer him a Cup
Of boyling-brimſtone, mixt with Pitch, to Sup;
The which his Thirſty Tongue lapp'd up ſo faſt,
That he had like t'have drank the Cup for haſt,
Had it not been united to a Chain,
By which the Devil pull'd it back again:
This made me very curious to know
What ſort of Liquor 'twas he goggl'd ſo;
And then I gave the Devil a Word and Wink,
Who ſaid, 'twas Call'd, *Damnation Dyet-Drink.*
And then they dragg'd him to the Grid-Iron, where
His Soul did beleh forth nothing but Diſpair.
Heavens! what horror was his Conſcience in?
How did his quicken'd Memory begin
To call to mind, the many Curſt Intriegues,
The Falſhoods, Flatteries, and broken Leagues:
The Oathes, the Vows, with which he did betray
Fair *Amoretta* and *Horiorta*!
Tongue cannot tell th' Extremity of Pain
This Soul was in, when *Pluto* took a Chain,
And ſternly lock'd it to the Grid-Iron, when
His Vaſſals took it on their Backs agen;
Marching away, whilſt the three Furies came
Laſhing the back of Conſcience with a Flame:
Next ſtifled Conſcience preſſing to obtain
Some Reſpite, gall'd the Soul with horrid Pain:
The Soul, that fell upon the Body, and
Fretted it's Vitals with a racking Band
Of Luſts and Pleaſures, (called once, Delight)
Which forc'd his gnaſhing poys'nous Teeth, to bite
It's Ven'mous Tongue. And thus this helliſh Crew,
In damn'd Diſorder, to the place with-drew,
From whence I ſaw 'em come; where, at a ſtay,
In Smoke theſe Devils vaniſh'd quite away.

Bleſs

Bleſs me ! you cannot gueſs what great ſurpriſe
My Soul was left in, when theſe Deities
Sunk with my Rival Duke amidſt their Paws,
Beneath the Earth into Hell's gaping Jaws !
Nor was my Senſes to be govern'd by
That Reaſon now, to which they us'd to lye
Proſtrate before : Had not a num'rous Train
Of glorious Angels, clear'd the Air again :
Calm'd all my Turb'lent Thoughts, and brought my ſight
To feaſt on Objects full of choice Delight.

Juſt as you'ave ſeen, a weeping Lady lye
Proſtrate before her Lord, condemn'd to dye ;
When nothing elſe is lookt for, but to ſee
The Execution done immediately ;
When at the very inſtant that the *Blow*
Is to be keenly ſtruck, there comes one, who
Has Orders from the King to ſave his Life :
Can you imagine how the raviſh'd Wife,
Tranſported is with Joy ? Her Sorrows look
No more within the Leaves of Death's pale Book,
But all the Scene is paſt ; when, thro' the Charms
Of Joy Extatic, ſhe Swoons within the Arms
Of her dear Lord ; who with a ſoft Imbrace,
Kiſſes the Pearly drops from off her Face ;
Which chears her fainting Spirits, and inſpires
Into her glowing Breſt, more ard'rous Fires.

So Joy tranſported all my Senſes, when
The Hemiſphere from Clouds was freed agen :
Inſtead of ſeeing ſulph'rous Devils roaſt
A damned Soul, my Eyes beheld a Hoſt
Of flitting Spirits, coming from above,
To carry fair *Hortoria* to *Jove*.
Firſt flew a Seraphim with Roſes ſweet,
To ſtrow upon *Hortoria*'s Head and Feet ;

Next came two Cherubims, whose Faces shone
So gloriously trantparant like the Sun,
Each of them bearing Flags of white to show
'Twas Peace they brought unto the Corps below.
Presently after them most gently flew
A glorious Orb of Happiness, that shew,
Ingrav'd upon the top, these Words in Gold;
Permanent Happiness is never Sold,
Nor Bought by Mortals; those who wou'd it have,
Must first Repentance for their Actions crave.
Then came a pretious Chariot, in the which
Was sate a King, whose Garments seem'd more rich,
Than ever from the Costly *Indies* came;
With Pearls and Rubies stuck about the same,
Most gorgeously. The Chariot was drawn
By six fine Steeds, Trapp'd up in milk-white Lawn.
Heavens! I fell amaz'd to see this sight!
How gloriously each shone like Chrystal bright:
Down from his Chariot, quick he did ascend,
And took the speechless Lady, by the Hand;
Saying, *Arise!* at which sh'awoke, when he
Most gently rais'd her up, and cry'd, Come, see
The Recompence that is prepar'd for you.
And so they to the Chariot both with-drew.
Bless me! what Musick did these Spirits make?
How did the Seraphims and Cherubs quake
And Quiv'r in Chorus, when *Hortoria* fair
Was in the Chariot cutting thro' the Air.
The Banners were Displaid; the Orb that plac't
It's self within the Center of her Breast,
How did she shine in Beauty! Every part
Throughout her Body, was refin'd 'bove Art,
Lovely Meanders deckt her azure Veins,
And Virtues hung about her Neck like Chains
Of Gold. In fine *Hortoria* seem'd to be
Of Heav'n's abode, a large Epitome.

And up the Chariot, with it's num'rous Train
More swift than *Time*, to'ards Heaven sour'd again.
All being o'er, and nothing to be seen
But my transported self within the Green,
Then my revolving Thoughts began to call
Over again, (with more Sedareness) all
The past Transactions, till methoughts, the Day
Cry'd loudly in my Ears to hast away.
Wherat I turned to the Path, and hy'd,
With all Celerity to'ards *Almahide*:
But scarce had I Three Furlongs went, before
I spy'd a Lady with her Hair all tore
About her naked Brests; her Hands, and Eyes
Lift up, imploring of the Deities:
Te mighty Pow'rs! Ah! won't ye Slay, and Damn
That base, perfidious, perjur'd Creature Man?
Whose Oathes are only Rhetorick, t'entice
Innocent Virgins to the Snares of Vice!
Heav'ns Confound 'em all! — (cry'd she) And here
Stopping, she turn'd about, and saw me near;
When up she 'rose, and ran so fast, until
Ev'n out of breath, upon a bank she fell;
To whom I hasten'd up, Crying out, *Why,*
Madam, do you Invoke the Deity
To pour down Vengeance on us Mortals, when
'Tis but some few, perfidious, wretched Men,
(As you do term 'em) that have thus betray'd
Your Sex's Virtue; and as dearly paid
For ev'ry jot. — To which she nothing said,
But look'd Severe; when quickly to her aid
Some Ladies came, giving me t'understand,
That she was *Amaretta*'s Sister; and
How being by *Infantado* beguil'd,
Thro' Grief had poyson'd both her self and Child.
Whereat I told 'em All, and bid 'em tell
Her ev'ry Circumstance that had befel

The

The wretched Duke. And then again I hy'd,
T'enjoy, and feaſt my ſelf with *Almahide*;
Where I no ſooner was arriv'd, and had
Acceſs into her Chamber, but ſhe ſaid,
(After ſome chaſte Imbraces) Ponce! *Tell*
Me now, I do Conjure you, what befell
The Duke and You? — At which, b'ing fearful leſt
A raſh Account might diſcompoſe her breſt,
And tend to bad Effect, briskly reply'd,
Nothing material, fair Almahide,
And to divert her from ſo black a Scene,
I made this Love-Digreſſion intervene.

MAdam! *I muſt not* tell you, that you are
(Like Flatterers) than *Cynthia* far more fair;
But I muſt tell you, Madam, what is true,
I ne'er ſaw Beauty 'fore I gaz'd on you.
I *cannot* ſay, That from your rowling Eyes
Two ſcorching, am'rous Flames like Lightning flyes:
But I may truly ſay, That they inhance
Magick enough t'inſlave with one Half-Glance.
I *dare not* tell you, that your Cheeks ſo Fair,
Have Smiles enough an Angel to inſnare:
But I dare tell you, That they ſeem to be
Two Roſey beds, each ſide an Iv'ry Tree.
I *will not* ſay, Your Lips, Vermilion dye!
For then, upon my Honour, I ſhould lye:
But this I'll ſay, They're Roſes 'round a Well,
Which do invite my Soul to Sip and Smell.
I *ought* not for to tell you, That your Breſts
Are *Altars*, on the which Two *Robins* neſts:
But this I ought to tell you, as my Duty,
They are the tend'reſt Banks of all your Beauty.
I *ſhall not* farther in your Garden pry,
For fear I fall into an Extaſie:
But, *Madam*, I ſhall gueſs you are Compleat
From your *Corona*, to your very Feet.

But

But yet, half-pleas'd, she forc'd me to Obey,
And tell so much as made her Swoon away,
When in my Arms I often Kiss'd her, till
Some Ladies came, and forc'd me, gainst my Will,
To leave the Chamber, whilst, with Cordials, they
Retriev'd her Sense, as on a Couch she lay.
When being by my self admitted in,
And found her Slumbring, thus I did begin —

SLeep, *Almahide*, Sleep, until thy bliss-
ful Lover robs thee of a Kiss:
Whilst he with Steps, observ'd by Care,
Approaches gladly to thy Chair:
Venus, the Feathers from thy Doves
Pull, and bestrow them like to Groves;
That walking, I no Noise may make,
For fear left *Almahide* awake.
Inspire her glowing Cheeks with heat,
That *Cupid* may's Alarum beat;
And when the Ardor does begin,
Let it not terminate in Sin;
But Chast and Holy let all be,
Devoted to the Shrine of thee.

Lo! now I come, my Dear be still,
For I'll do nought against thy Will:
I'll touch thy Ruby Lips; and View
The motions of each Starry Eye;
Observe, if they be Sealed fast;
If so, then let our Ardor last
With equal glowing Heat; till she
Wakes, says Enough, thro' Modesty.

And then I kiss'd her Sugred Lips, till *Chance*
By Startling her, rous'd me out of my Trance.

FINIS.